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Title: Ancient History of the Stormreaver Clan

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In the beginning, Grishnak was a homeless Runt. Birthed to a wretched existance in the forests around Trinsic, he learned early on to avoid the sound of approaching Men. Hounded and hunted by the inhabitants of Trinsic, he soon jourined north to the more cosmopolitan Britain. Grishnak found a living, of sorts: rooting in the trash heaps for food, avoiding the sharp sticks and thrown rocks of the Men children. He would curse when Men in shining armor riding horses would spur past him on the road, shouting epithets and sometimes striking him with their swords. One day, after being knocked into the muck along the side of the road, Grishnak rose up and swore everlasting hatered of Men. Setting out for the mountians to the west, chased off by farmers defending livestock against a hungry wretch, and seeking shelter in damp caves, Grishnak found a pass through the mountains that eventually led him to the sea. Wandering the wilderness, Grishnak found an old Orc fort, fallen in much disrepair, occupied by scrawny and ignorant Orcs. Defeating the leader of this band, Grishnak laid the ClanStone and claimed for

himself the mantle of Chieftain and declared a rebirth of the Orcish Nation.

The weak inhabitants of the fort were of no use to Grishnak, but soon others heard his call to arms. A mighty warrior appeared at the gate one day. "Meh Korgath!" he shouted, then swung a mighty axe at Grishnak. Although Grishnak proved the stronger, he spared the life of such a fine warrior and gave Korgath a position in the growing Clan. Another named Snarfu slunk into the fort one day, able to control the wild magic, he quickly impressed upon Grishnak the need to have magic users. Thus the ranks of the Clan began to swell, but their growth did not go unnoticed. The miners of the mountains and the cutters of wood reported increased Orc activities, and soon the attention of armed Men turned to the long neglected fort.

Much hard work was done by the Clan to secure their foothold on the Fort. Many times bands of Men, many coated in the red blood of their victims, would ride into the fort and slay all they could. The Clan needed shelter from these predations and began building a shelter for themselves. Soon the Clan Shak was complete and the Clan had the safety both of the Fort itself, and when that failed, the Clan Shak.

When a gathering of Mages decided to build upon an ancient ruin a tower dedicated to the

persuit of magic, the  
Orcs fear of magic  
manifested itself. Knowing  
they were outnumbered  
and weak, Grishnak  
devised a plan to use the  
explosive potions to topple  
this unwanted tower.  
Although many humans  
perished, the Orcs were  
beaten back and the  
tower stands to this day,  
avoided by Orcs.  
Still, the lands were  
constantly violated by the  
Men, particularly the  
miners going to the pass  
in the mountains. This had  
to be stopped. Orc  
scouts were sent out to  
follow these Men who  
took dirt from the  
ground and made it into  
implements of war.

Soon Wagraa, the Wulf  
Rider, returned with news.  
He had found the source  
of the incursions into the  
Orc Lands. An association  
of Men existed to steal  
the dirt from the  
mountains and make things  
with it for sale to other  
Men. Again, the disregard  
for the territory of the  
Orcs by Men was evident.  
Revenge must be had.  
A plan was formulated:  
seize the leader of this  
association of dirt thieves  
and use her to supply  
weapons and armor to  
the Orcs.  
The dirt thieves were  
known to be meeting in  
the town of Minoc soon  
and an ambush was laid.  
As Cyan of the UBB was  
approaching the house the  
meeting was to be held  
in, hidden Orcs rushed  
her from all sides,  
throwing explosive potions  
among her cohorts. In the  
confusion that followed,  
none saw the shimmering  
blue portal into which the

Orcs had plunged Cyan.  
Cyan's enslavement stirred  
up the forces of Men  
like sticking a sword into  
a bee hive. Soon the Yew  
Militia swept into the  
Fort, seeking the location  
of Cyan. Unbeknownst to  
them, their attack was  
anticipated and Cyan was  
moved far away to slave  
for the Orcs. She was  
beaten repeatedly until  
she made arms and armor  
for the Orcs. Although  
this was most welcome by  
the Clan, her greatest  
contribution was that  
from her endeavours, Orcs  
learned the craft of  
blacksmithing as well.  
After many months of  
working in the mines,  
Cyan was near dead.  
Rather than see her die  
of hunger and exposure,  
Orglik the Shaman sought  
to make one final use of  
her and give her over to  
the Bludgod. Chained atop  
the sacred tower, Cyan  
beheld the deamon the  
Orcs worshiped before it  
was driven back by a  
combined army of the  
Urban Knights and the  
Yew Militia.  
The Clan fled to the Orc  
Fort near Cove, hoping to  
defeat the hosts of Men  
in that fortress. Soon  
the banners of Yew and  
Urban flew in the  
distance and the sound of  
marching feet made the  
earth tremble. Orc and  
Man fought hard that  
day, but soon the weight  
of numbers forced the  
Orcs back until finally  
they won free to Cyan's  
cell. Grishnak and his  
survivors fled by sea  
back to Yew.

In vengeance for their  
support to the Yew  
Militia and the Urban

Knights the past year when Cyan was rescued, the Clan assaulted the town of Cove. In an hour long pitched battle against the Urban Knights, the Orcs proved victorious. This would mark the beginning of many such battles in this remote village.

The Yew Militia also began to patrol along the edge of the Orc territory, seeking to learn more of the Clan. Several times Pyros of Yew tried to reach the actual fort itself, only to be driven back.

With Runtees being sent into battle half trained, the Clan realized that it could not fight the hosts of Men alone. Orc scouts again went out into the world, seeking allies. Soon the Order of the Ebon Skull, the Infernal Cult of Necromancy, and Holy Disciples of Darkness offered much needed aid. The tides of battle began to shift, Orcs started beating back the forces of Men with their newfound allies.

The second battle for Cove resulted in victory for the Orcs against a surprise attack by the Urban Knights.

A new runtee came into the Clan. Unusually, this runtee was quiet and unassuming. Few could have guessed that Qog would some day rise to lead the Clan. Weilding his scimitar and shield with finesse and showing great courage he quickly came to the attention of the Chief.

One day the fort recieved a unique visitor.

Tilf and Gilf, the Ettin  
Lord came calling upon  
the Clan. Some Men had  
stolen something from  
Tilf and Gilf, as Men are  
wonton to do. They had  
made off with the giant  
two-head's favorite club  
and the ettin wanted the  
Clan to recover it.  
Quickly organizing a couple  
search parties, the Orcs  
jourined to Britain to  
find the missing club. Qog  
led the group that  
included Guz'kth, the Orc  
Archer, who found the  
Man holding the club.  
Siezing upon the moment,  
Qog led the Orcs in an  
attack that succeeded in  
gaining the club. Tilf and  
Gilf promised greater  
cooperation between ettins  
and Orcs in the future.

Continued in book II